

Cutting-Room Floor Tales #1: Toydarians Don't Cry

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Summary: They REALLY need that T-14 hyperdrive, and Obi-Wan's determined to save the day...at any cost!

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Jedi Cool and Randy G. present

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TALES FROM THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR:

Toydarians Don't Cry

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From within the safe confines of the Queen's royal starship, Obi-Wan asked over the comlink, "What if your plan fails, Master? We could be stuck here a very long time."

His master, a good distance away in the Tatooine city of Mos Espa, responded, "Well, it's too dangerous to call for help. A ship without a power supply isn't going anywhere. Andâ€|there's something about this boyâ€|"

KLIK

Qui-Gon ended transmission before Obi-Wan had a chance either to inquire further about "this boy" or to offer to help brainstorm alternative solutions to their predicament. His master could be quite irritating like that sometimes.

Obi-Wan paced back and forth in frustration. He thought, _Why doesn't he ever let me help? He gets us into these jams, occasionally asks me how I'm feeling, then proceeds to handle the situation entirely on his own. I'm never going to be a Jedi proper if he doesn't let me DO something once in a while!_

At that moment, in through the doorway popped Ric Olie, Naboo fighter pilot extraordinaire (in his own humble opinion) and distant needy in-law of the Queen (in her constituents' own humble opinions). He exclaimed to Obi-Wan, "You should DO something!"

Obi-Wan looked puzzled, then sighed. "Sorry, I thought I was thinking to myself."

"Telepathy is neat!" critiqued Olie.

"Uhâ€|huh," said Obi-Wan carefully. Sometimes the pilot worried him. He never seemed to be able to string together a thought of more than five or six words at any given time. On the other hand, he was still a less annoying conversationalist than Jar-Jar. He asked Olie, "Well, let me ask youâ€|what do _you_ think we should do?"

"We need that T-14 hyperdrive!" he answered without elaborating.

"Umâ€|right. My master is working on that, but I fear the odds of his success are terribly low. I ought to do something. But what?"

"Let's go get that hyperdrive!"

Obi-Wan put his forehead in his hand. He thought, _No wonder you're only a pilot, and not a high-ranking Naboo officer._

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At that point, in through the doorway popped Captain Panaka, high-ranking Naboo officer. He intoned to Obi-Wan, "There were so many other more highly qualified applicants, but the Queen would not listen to my recommendations!"

Obi-Wan did a double-take, then wondered aloud, "Perhaps when I think to myself, I shouldn't concentrate quite so hard."

Unfazed, Olie kept his mind going on its single track. "The hyperdrive will make the ship go!"

Panaka condescended, "Our hyperdrive is still shot! We are not going anywhere!" Then he looked sternly at Obi-Wan. "I _told_ you landing on this planet was a bad idea!"

Olie offered helpfully, "But there's a hyperdrive on this planet!"

Panaka countered, "It does _us_ no good if we do not actually have it!"

Olie brainstormed, "Let's go blow things up! Then we'll get the hyperdrive!"

Panaka frowned, "The Queen would disapprove of needless

bloodshed!"

Olie suggested, "Let's sneak in and steal it!"

Panaka rebuked, "We are the Queen's servants, not common street thugs!"

Obi-Wan raised a hand and interrupted their witty repartee. "Wait. Stop. I think Ric is on to something there. After all, 'A Jedi uses the Force for knowledge and defense, never for attack'."

Panaka evaluated, "Fortune-cookie homilies will not help us now!"

Olie raised a hand. "What's a homily?"

Obi-Wan ignored both of them. "I've got it! We'll go down to Watto's shop and take the hyperdrive. The when Qui-Gon sees how smoothly we do this, he'll HAVE to start bringing me along on missions now! But we'll need to distract Watto somehow."

Panaka examined, "It cannot be done! Your Jedi powers may not work on him, and all we have on board are a few containers of supplies and the Queen's wardrobe! What are we supposed to do, combine them all to make some sort of bomb?"

Obi-Wan opened his mouth to reply, then stopped. He looked at Panaka for a few seconds, smiled, then said, "How about we distract himâ€¦with a _bombshell_?"

* * * * *

Within his ramshackle junk shop, Watto was putting the finishing touches on his latest display: a large pyramid constructed entirely out of deactivated pit droids. It took him several hours to stack them all just so, but the net result was a sight to beholdâ€”somewhat like a canned-food display at your typical grocery store, only made entirely out of the most oddly-shaped collapsible robot servants.

Satisfied with himself, Watto flew to the pyramid's apex and hung upon it the final component, a sign reading, "PIT DROID-A CLEARANCE SALE-A! ALL-A PIT DROIDS MUST-A GO!"

"A-perfect!" he muttered to himself. "And right-a before-a closing time, a-too!"

"Ding!" rang the tinny little bell on the front door.

Watto muttered a Toydarian obscenity under his breath. Sure, customers were his first priority, but sometimes, when one has made oneself proud of a accomplishment, serving one last customer just doesn't sound half as appealing as going home and taking a long swim through one's money bin. "Patience, Watto, patience," he reassured himself, "the money bin isn't going anywhere." Then he fluttered off to greet whoever had entered.

Watto stopped dead in mid-flight. His already bulgy eyes bulged out even further at the sight of his prospective customer, for she was something the likes of which Watto hadn't seen in ages.

She was a female Toydarian.

The shock nearly made Watto forget to keep flapping his wings. Slack-jawed, he eyed her up and down, his eyes taking every detail of her in completely. She was quite possibly the most beautifulâ€"not to mention tallestâ€"Toydarian he had ever seen. Even though she floated as Watto didâ€"though far more gracefully than the average member of their race; it was as if she floated on the very air itself--he could tell she was nearly five feet tall--Amazonian by Toydarian standards. She had beady little bluish-green eyes and the smoothest Toydarian proboscis. Whatever makeup with which she had augmented it made it look virtually artificial, even plastic. Watto secretly hoped for a moment that it wasn't the result of Garindan rhinoplasty, then shrugged the notion offâ€"in the long run, the nose was unimportant anyway.

And her dressâ€"oh, her beautiful dress. Purple and orange were his favorite colors. The combination of both hues on this exquisite and doubtlessly highly expensive gown only accentuated her beauty. Little white lights along the hem of the gown radiated upon her face and gave off such an impression that it seemed her wings were of the same color as her gown. Her wingsâ€"long and pointyâ€"unlike normal Toydarian wings seemed to move only slightly, as if she merely willed herself to move across the length of the shop to face him.

"Good evening, "she chirped, in a husky, yet highly effective feminine voice that had just the hint of culture attached to it. "I'm looking for Watto, Community Leader of Mos Espa"

"Good-a evening", leered Watto enormously, "What can I-a do for such a gorgeous creature as-a yourself on a cool Tattoine-a evening-a such as this?"

"I'm in dire need of a part for a ship I'm traveling on, "sighed the creature longingly. "We have no money with which to pay. I am growing desperate."

"Ahâ€"my-a favorite word, " he smiled with anticipation. "Let us talk of your-a predicament. We don't get-a many Toydarians, especially beautiful ones-a, such as yourself. Would you like a tour of-a my shop?"

"Oh, yes! I have a keen interest in the workings of little shops such as these, and I absolutely adore machine parts."

"Well-a, then. Come right-a this way."

Before she proceeded, she paused to admire the pit-droid pyramid. "My, what interesting little devices. How much are these on sale for?"

"Oh, such a lovely-a woman need not concern herself with those-a pieces of junk. They are all-a obsolete modelsâ€"groin-kick-activated. They never really caught on like I-a hoped."

The pair moved deeper into the confines of the junk shop. "Here, let me show you some of my-a finest merchandise. For-a example," Watto said as he picked up what appeared to be two small dark glass disks,

attached to each other by a three foot-long metal rod. "Malastairian sunglasses! Perfect for any-a vacationing-a Malastairian!"

His companion noticed an item on one shelf that looked like a men's razor, except it was about three feet long and two feet wide. "Dear me, what's this?"

"That's a Bantha Shaver. They don't-a sell very well. Those-a Tusken Raiders, they don't-a believe in-a money! I got me a whole-a crate of those in the back."

Watto's brow furrowed and he grimaced as they approached a large stack of perfect squares. "Speaking of which, here is my worst-a seller ever!"

"They just look like wooden crates! What are they?" demurred the female Toydarian, her wide-eyed innocence causing the Toydarian equivilant of testosterone to go racing through Watto's small but not

unequipped body. He shuddered for a moment before he regained his composure and answered:

"Sand boxes!"

* * * * *

Meanwhile, on the far side of the shop's exterior, two very-conspicuous figures raced over to an extremely inconveniently-placed ten-foot tall fence.

"We've got to jump over the fence!" exclaimed Ric Olie

"This is never going to work, "sighed Panaka. "We can't get over the fence, steal a hyperdrive and hope to get away with this."

"Boost me up!" came the clueless reply.

Panaka cupped his hands together, while Olie stepped onto the makeshift foothold and grabbed onto the fence. Panaka helped boost the pilot up over the top where Olie immediately got his thick pilot's coat caught on the barbed wire and hung precariously over the other side fruitlessly grabbing at air. His partner-in-crime sighed disgustedly, grabbed onto Olie's flailing leg, and climbed to the top where he leapt to the ground and began the arduous task of extricating his wild-eyed compatriot out of his predicament.

"We've got to find that hypeâ€¦"exclaimed Ric before Panaka's hand clamped over his mouth and the security chief hissed, "I'll wrap that hyperdrive around your neck if you say one more word."

Fortunately, Watto seemed to have excessive amounts of T-14 hyperdrives in stock and, well he should, for they were not known for their durabilityâ€¦nor their portability. Olie and Panaka quickly discovered that carrying a fully-functional hyperdrive unit was easier in theory than in practice.

"Ok, you pick up one end and I'll pick up the other and we'll carry it out." Explained Panaka.

"Let's do it! Who's the men? WE're the men!" exclaimed Olie.

Both men headed toward the unit, stopped, and bent down to pick up the same end.

"No, you pick up THAT end!" directed the annoyed captain.

Olie nodded vigorously, "I'm on it!" Jerking his head sideways, he walked to the other end. Both men pick up the unit and, facing each other, prepare to carry it out of the junkyard. Panaka moved forward.

"Wait!" wailed Olie.

"WHAT???"

"I don't know how to walk backward!"

"What do you mean you don't know how to walk backward??? How hard could it be?!"

"Itâ€|it makes me dizzy!"

Panaka slowly inhaled, then exhaled. They put the hyperdrive down and switched sides, this time Panaka picked up the end and Olie took the head. Struggling with their burden, they edged around the junkyard to the ten-foot tall section of fence where they had entered.

Panaka backed slowly with Olie pressing forward untilâ€|

BAMMM

"Are we there yet?" queried Olie

Panaka stood, squashed against the fence, the hyperdrive's conical head jammed firmly into his diaphragm, and squeaked, through gritted teeth, "Yes!"

Now, the two faced an even larger problem.

"We've got to get the hyperdrive over theâ€|"

"Yes!!! I know that, you drunken waste of space! Tell me something important for a change!"

"We gotta get it back to the ship!", the pilot concluded.

"Unfortunately, I can only think of one way," came the response.

* * * * *

Qui-Gon Jinn serenely approached the front of Watto's shop. His mind entirely focused on the next day's podrace and how good it felt to be a Jedi Master who always knew what to do, he strode boldly inside, raised his arm triumphantly and opened his mouth to commence boastingâ€|

â€|when he stopped dead in his tracks, his train of thought derailed completely at the preposterous sight which greeted him.

Watto flittered and fluttered in place, true to form, his eyes wide and bulging at barely restrained lust, his feet gently being massaged by a customer. "Ahhhhâ€¦", muttered the shopkeeper, "Did you-a know that the feet are one of our most erogenous zones?"

Qui-Gon then fixed his gaze on Watto's companion and stared. And stared. And stared. Before his very eyes stood hisâ€¦HISâ€¦Padawan learner wearing a long frilly gown with inanimate wings in the back and a fake plastic nose tied around his face with a string, using the Force to levitate himself!

Awash in disbelief, Qui-Gon stood, frozen, his eyes bulged out and his jaw still dropped open like a codfish. Watto slowly opened his eyes and, seeing the tall Jedi Master standing there dumbfounded, pronounced, "No take backs! We-a had a deal!" Meanwhile, his disguise close to being blown, Obi-Wan took one look at his horrified Master, turned and hunched down really lowâ€¦taking more of an interest in Watto's feet than anyone should have to.

"What is going on here???" stormed Qui-Gon.

"Wait-a your turn! Can't you see I'm-a busy with a customer?" snapped the shopkeeper.

"Busy, my eye!" snapped Qui-Gon, who stalked over to the pair and immediately ripped the gown right off his apprentice's back. Losing his focus, Obi-Wan's legs, which had been tucked underneath him and were beginning to lose feeling anyway, dropped out from under him as he landed sprawled on the floor wearing only the plastic Toydarian nose and his tan Jedi-issue boxer shortsâ€¦the tiny blue lightsabers on them clearly labeling him a mere Padawan.

"I demand an explanation for this!" growled Qui-Gon. His hands balled into fists as they shook the torn fabric and, realization dawned on him as he thundered, "Isn't this one of the Queen's dresses???"

It was well-known in the Jedi Temple that Qui-Gon Jinn may have not been the most adept at the Jedi Mind Trick, but his peripheral vision was right on target, which is why, in that instant, he caught a flash of orange to one side of him. He turned quickly in enough time to see Panaka and Olie quickly scurrying through the opposite side of the shop, headed for the front door, and carrying between them what appeared to be a T-14 hyperdrive.

"What are YOU two doing here???" he bellowed.

Jolted by Qui-Gon's stentorian reprimand, Olie let out a most unbecoming "Eep!" and let go of his end of the burden. Its weight suddenly unsupported, the device dropped right through Panaka's hands and crashed to the floorâ€¦where it shattered into a million tiny pieces.

Panaka turned on a dime, stared at the floor bug-eyed, then yelled accusingly at Olie, "You broke the HYPERDRIVE!"

Olie looked at Panaka. He looked at Watto. He looked at Qui-Gon, who returned his gaze with unfettered fury. And with that, Olie did what he did bestâ€¦he ran.

Unfortunately, not being possessed of Qui-Gon's extraordinary peripheral vision, or really even terribly adequate peripheral vision, he failed to see where he was going, tripped, and fell.

His helmet flew off and careened straight toward Watto's clearance-price pit-droid pyramid.

THUNK

The pit-droid closest to him, having been struck in the groin by the airborne headgear, immediately sprung to life. As was its wont, it began jumping around nervously, then walloped one of its brethren right in its groinâ€|

THUNK

â€|and now the pit droid had a dance partner. The two of them ran smack into each other, then ran straight into the pileâ€|

THUNK THUNK

â€|which toppled right onto the now four active pit droidsâ€|

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK
THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK

â€|and now the interior of Watto's shop was the very picture of complete bedlam, as dozens upon dozens of activated pit-droids jumped, danced, careened, bounced, rebounded, flew, and pirouetted throughout the whole shop. They knocked merchandise off the shelves, they knocked down fixtures, they ran into each other and exploded, and they kept on until every last pit droid had been activated and joined in the frenzy.

On that note, Panaka grabbed Olie by the back of his jacket, crouched down behind him, and, using him as a human shield, made a beeline for the front door. "OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!" Olie kept yelling as he was struck from every side by manic uncontrolled droids while Panaka directed the two of them out the door. Panaka neither stopped crouching nor stopped pushing until many miles later, when they finally reached the Queen's ship.

Watto screamed, "MY SHOP! MY POOR SHOP!" right before being conked in the noggin by a pit droid. "OWW! This-a is unbelievable! Those-a men have destroyed my SHOP! And they destroyed one of my T-14 Hyperdrive Fake Display Models!" He turned toward the half-naked Obi-Wan. "YOU! This is-a all YOUR fault, isn't it?"

Obi-Wan, through a cloud of flying pit-droid parts and tossed-about small appliances, tried to stutter out a response, when he got an idea. He waved his hand in front of Watto's face and intoned, "You will forget any of this happened!"

Watto furrowed his brow and growled, "No, I wont!"

Obi-Wan blinked once, then repeated, "You WILL forget any of this happened!"

Watto lost what little remained of his cool. "NO, I WON'T!! YOU CAN TAKE THAT TO THE BANK!!!!" He turned to Qui-Gon and accused, "Is

this-a boy with you?"

Qui-Gon mustered as much composure as he could--given that at the same moment a pit-droid stepped on his footâ€"and replied earnestly, "I've never seen this human before in my life. Are you sure he's not with YOU?"

"Don't-a be stupid! I only have two uses for-a humansâ€"I win bets against them, or I buy them as slavâ€"OOF!" A pit droid rudely interrupted him by ramming its head right into Watto's pudgy little stomach.

Qui-Gon, who had regained his concentration enough to begin using the Force to deflect pit droids away from his own person, replied, "Well, why don't we ask HIM what this is all about?"

The two of them together turned to face Obi-Wanâ€"only to discover he was long gone. Watto began to say, 'HEY! Where'd-a heâ€" when yet another pit droid dropped toward him from above and plummeted right into his unprotected bald skull. Watto managed to blurt out, "Pooâ€"dooâ€" as he fell to the floor unconscious.

With most of the pit droids in pieces and the rest of them no longer in his path, Qui-Gon walked back out the door. He thought to himself, _I suppose I can come back later to ask Watto about acquiring a Midichlorian Testerâ€"when he's a little less under the weather._

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As he stomped all the way back to Casa Skywalker, one final thought resounded within him: _When this is all over, that boy has got some EXPLAINING to do._

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THE END.

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We blame this one entirely on Lucy and Ethel, not to mention maybe one too many bowls of ice cream.

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End
file.